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TWO

# HYMNS

ON THE

# NATIVITY

OF

# *CHRIST.*

INSCRIBED TO

Dr. BERINGTON, *of* Shrewſbury.

By *RICHARD ROLT.*

*Toto ſurget gens aurea mundo.* VIRG.

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# HYMN

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Written on the 25th of *December*, 1750.

I.

LO! to redeem a World, the *Virgin-Womb*
Is pregnant! --- Lo! the FILIAL-GOD is born!
Hear it, thou EARTH! ye Mortals, come, oh! come,
And joyful uſher in the natal Morn!
See, the Angel-band deſcending!
Hark! what Harmony is giv'n!
Shepherds heard the Chorus, ending
"*Peace on Earth, and Joy in Heav'n!*".
Amazement!

Amazement! ſee! yon orient Star,
Eccentric, wanders from its Sphere:
There, there, it ſtops; o'er *Jordan*'s Silver Flood!
While, in the Herdſman's Stall,
Proſtrated Monarchs fall,
And hail the Babe in his obſcure Abode.
Oh! how unlike this humble placid State,
He once appear'd, when *Sinai* felt his Weight:
Eternal Splendors beaming where he trod,
While Majeſty Divine confeſt the GOD!
Now, ſee the Infant feebly move;
The Pledge of *Peace*, the Pledge of *Love*.

II.

Oh, Man! let Joy, let Rev'rence riſe;
This GOD, this SAVIOUR, ev'n for Thee,
Reſign'd the Glory of the Skies,
And periſh'd for the World and Me.
See, like a Malefactor, *Chriſtian*, ſee,
Thy GOD revil'd, and dragg'd along;
His heav'nly Form, extended on the Tree,
Torn and inſulted by the Throng.
The rude Barbarians pierce him now!
—Oh! hear him groaning! ſee him bow

His

His ſacred Head!
—Ah! Life is fled!
Aſtoniſh'd *Nature* in Convulſions ſhakes;
The Sun withdraws his radiant Light;
Forth from his dreary Tomb the Dead awakes:
The World, the World, is loſt in Night!

III.

Down to the Centre, the infernal Reign,
The GOD deſcended; and aroſe again.
From *Tabor*'s Mount, he next regains the Skies:
With native Glory, ſee EMANUEL riſe
In heav'nly Radiance bright!
Each Angel ſtrung the golden Lyre,
And, burning with ſeraphic Fire,
Hymn'd Gratulation to the *Lord of Light*.
There, on thy Throne, *Eternal* SAVIOUR, hear
Thy meaneſt Vot'ry's humble Pray'r.
" LORD! while the vital Flood flows round my Heart,
" Let *Virtue* be my Guide:
" Let *Truth*, celeſtial *Truth!* impart
" Her ever-flowing Tide
" Of ſacred Light, o'er all my Actions to preſide.

" And

" And when this mortal Frame,
" Shall be depriv'd of its etherial Flame;
" When the enfranchis'd *Soul* ſhall ſoar on high,
" A Vagrant-pilgrim thro' the Sky;
" LORD! beam thy Goodneſs down;
" Admit me to thy Throne;
" There, let me Hallelujahs ſing;
" There, with eternal Hymnings, raiſe
" New Tribute to the Praiſe
" Of Thee, my GOD! my SAVIOUR! LORD! and KING!"

# HYMN

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## ON THE

# NATIVITY of *CHRIST.*

### For the YEAR 1751.

I.

AGAIN return'd, thy natal Day,
Oh, ſacred JESUS! bids me ſing:
Once more reſum'd, the pious Lay
Hails *Judah*'s LORD, hails *Iſrael*'s KING!
Oh! for the hallow'd Flame that fir'd *Ezekiel*'s Breaſt,
When the wrapt Seer the Glories of his God confeſt!
This Theme requires immortal Aid;
More than each *Aonian* Maid

From *Aganippè*, or the *Theſpian* Vale,
E'er brought to grace the nobleſt *Attic* Tale.
Weak, and artleſs, is my Hand,
Such high Raptures to command:
Come, then, religious, honeſt *Zeal*,
And, with thee,
Bring ſweet *Simplicity*;
Your ever-gracious GOD to hail.
While the golden Harps above,
Sweetly ſound Seraphic Love;
A chearful Voice I raiſe,
In my *Redeemer*'s Praiſe;
Uninfluenc'd by that divine myſterious Pow'r,
Which bade Heav'n-favour'd JOHN proclaim the ſacred Hour.

II.

The orient *Dynaſties*, no more
Gave *Ninèveh*, or *Memphis*, Pow'r:
Victorious *Rome* her Empire ſpread,
From *Thulè* to *Euphrates*' Head,
When *Julius* periſh'd: Heav'n-deſcended *Peace*,
Her gracious mildeſt Aſpect wore;
Each Land the blooming Olive bore;
Inverted to the Glebe-worn Share,
Was ev'ry Implement of War:
*Nature* grew meek to ſee her SHILOH's Face.

Predicted

Predicted by each great prophetic Seer,
The *Jews*, unconſcious, ſaw their GOD appear.
Ages have roll'd away,
Since that important Day:
Yet will ye, moſt prophane!
Moſt ignorantly vain!
Still, ſtill, expect a new *Meſſiah* here?
Could not that Sanctity he led;
Could not thoſe Miracles he wrought;
From impious Rage preſerve his Head,
And now enforce the Rules he taught?
Bluſh, bluſh, Barbarians! at his bleeding Side;
For you he ſprung to Life, alas, for you he dy'd!

III.

Submiſſive to their Fury did he bow,
Though his Right-hand could ſhake the Centre through:
His Voice, more dreadful than the Thunder's Roar,
Has in Convulſions ſhook each diſtant Shore:
More fatal than the livid Lightning's Blaſt,
On impious Mortals has he Ruin caſt:
As when the Deluge ſwallow'd all
The habitable Ball;
Or when, in liquid Fire,
*Gomorrah* ſaw her Sons expire.

But,

But, now, no awful Majeſty divine,
No glorious Terrors of the GOD,
Did thro' his mortal Frame illuſtrious ſhine,
While in this Pilgrimage he trod.
Like the meek Lamb, with Flow'rets crown'd,
A Victim to the Altar led;
Regardleſs of the deſtin'd Wound,
He licks the Hand that ſtrikes him dead.
--- But this was only to fulfil
JEHOVAH's great paternal Will.
Soon, ye deteſted, ſacrilegious Race,
Your *Herod*, and his *Paleſtine*,
With all the *Aſmonæan* Line,
Exterminated, point your dire Diſgrace.
*Melchiſedech!* thy hallow'd City falls,
Imperial *Salem* ſmoaking lies;
*Veſpaſian*'s Vengeance leaves her levell'd Walls
One monumental Sacrifice.
From *Canaan* baniſh'd, now the *Hebrews* roam,
Dejected Aliens, round each diſtant Clime:
Incumbent hangs the perſevering Gloom,
A memorable Mark to lateſt Time:
While Heav'n beſtows on each converted Land,
Selected Bleſſings with a bounteous Hand.

Where-e'er

## IV.

Where-e'er the *Chriſtian* Temples greet the Skies,
There *Peace* and *Happineſs* have fix'd their Reign:
There all the ſocial *Virtues* take their Riſe;
And *Plenty*, ever-ſmiling, crowns the Scene.
*Rapine* hides its baleful Head;
*Luſt* forſakes the vicious Bed;
And red-ey'd *Slaughter* ſheaths the bloody Steel:
*Piety*, with raptur'd Eye;
*Faith*, with *Contemplation* by;
Round *Charity*, with all the *Graces*, kneel.
What though the rude *Japonian* Throng,
Or falſe *Cathaians*, raiſe their Song
In idle Pomp of Pagan Joy?
What though the *Turk*, or *Perſian*, err?
What though the *Mauritanian* Seer,
And ſimple *Indian*, rudely cry
To the great *Divinity!*
Yet ſhall the *Goſpel*, with expanded Wing,
Each Pagan Rite deface;
Each Alien to the Light, new-born, ſhall ſing
Hymns to the *Lord of Grace*.

From

From *Niphon*'s Shore, to *Kyang*'s Waves,
Or where the *Ganges* ſeeks the Sun,
To where *Euphrates Taurus* laves,
Or *Niger*'s triple Channels run:
There ſhall *Religion*, heav'nly Maid!
Come, in her pureſt Veſt array'd,
With mild and gracious Mien:
No tort'ring Whip, no murd'ring Wheel,
Nor *Perſecution*'s crimſon'd Steel,
Shall wait the ſoft-ey'd Queen.
Then ſhall the Pagan know his real GOD;
The turban'd Infidel ſhall *Jeſus* own
The *Lama* ſhall reject the Paths he trod;
The *Mufti* ſcorn his *Prophet*'s fancy'd Throne:
The Natives of each diſtant Clime and Shore,
Shall *Jeſus* hail, *Jehovah* ſhall adore.

*The* E N D.